

The Plymouth Republican.

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NUMBER 22.

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Special rates given to regular advertisers.
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Home and transient advertising made known on application.
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Uses the best stock to be obtained, guarantees an easy fit, and charges reasonable rates.

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St. Becker's Store, opposite Post Office, all work warranted to give entire satisfaction in every respect. Diseases of the mouth and teeth successfully treated. Teeth extracted without pain by the use of nitrous acid gas. Consultation free. All work warranted. 1 am in

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Office in Second story, Post Office Building.

Teeth from one only, to a full set, so cheap that the rich and poor can all

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JOHN G. LEONARD'S

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FARM WAGONS,

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He manufactures and keeps on hand all kinds of Wagons, Buggies, Sulkeys, &c. Also,

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Promptly and Cheaply Executed

PLYMOUTH, IND.

The Telegraph and Telephone.

BY C. F. CRANCH.

Enter then time, across the continent, through unbroken ocean depths, from beach to beach, around the rolling globe thought's carriers reach.

The new-fangled earth, like some vast instrument, tingles from zone to zone, for Art has lent new nerves, new pulse, new motion—all to each and each to all in swift electric speech.

Bound by a force new-fangled and unspent, now four continents talk with ease, the Arctic ice-belt with the sun-ry south; the sun-belt palm thrills to the pine-tree's call.

We feel all things made, and they for us. For all there is a soul, an eye, a mouth. And time and space are naught. The mind is all. —*Very Atlantic.*

Desperate Attempt to Rob a Bank.

A thrilling scene was recently witnessed in Allegheny City, Pa. At noon Mr. Dahlinger, bookkeeper of the Workingmen's Savings Bank, started home to get his dinner, leaving the cashier, Mr. Walter, alone. A few minutes after the departure of Mr. Dahlinger two men entered the bank. One of them stopped at the door, but the other walked up to the counter and asked the cashier if he could change a \$1 note. The cashier said he could, and taking the note, he picked up four silver quarters from a large pile which was stacked up on a shelf behind the counter. As he turned around to give the man the change, he was astonished to see the fellow had drawn a murderous-looking revolver. As he caught the cashier's eye, he said, with a dreadful oath, "If you speak, you are a dead man." Mr. Walter, realizing his critical position, without a moment's hesitation grabbed the weapon and

wrenched it from the man's hand. The accomplice, who had been a looker on all this time, seeing his companion had been disarmed, drew his revolver and advanced to the rescue. The position of the cashier at this moment was certainly most alarming, but with the weapon already secured he retreated behind the heavy counter partition at the rear of the bank. Both of the men, who exhibited the most audacious boldness, jumped up on to the counter, and, springing over the glass framework, were within a couple of feet of the money desk, upon which at the time was piled a sum aggregating \$15,000.

The presence of mind of the cashier did not desert him at this juncture, and, from a concealment behind the rear partition, he opened fire upon the nearest man. This, however, did not in the least disconcert the villain, who jumped down behind the counter. Another shot whistled past his head just as he was making a dash at the money. Mr. Walter then boldly advanced from behind the partition and fired a third time at the same man, who, seeing that he was getting in a tight place and receiving no effective aid from his accomplice, who had been disarmed, hastily scrambled over the counter without securing any of the money, and, followed by his companion, dashed out of the bank, separating as they reached the street, which by this time was crowded with people drawn thither by the firing. One of the men made his way to the Allegheny river, where he discovered skill containing two boys who had just started to pull across the stream. The nearest pursuer of the fellow was within fifty feet of him, and, evidently desperate, the villain turned around, told his eager follower that if he didn't stop he would shoot. The pursuer stopped, and then the robber hastily dashed down into the water, and, again bringing his weapon into requisition, compelled the occupants of the skiff to take him aboard. Nearly scared to death, the boys obeyed; and then, with the revolver pointed at their heads, the man commanded them to row down the river. The skiff passed under the suspension bridge at high speed, and soon reached the steamer Samuel Miller, which was moored a short distance from the Pittsburgh shore. As soon as the skiff touched the steamer the man leaped on board of her and either concealed himself in some part of the vessel or swam ashore before the crowd arrived.

The other desperado also succeeded in making his escape, notwithstanding he was pursued by a crowd of several hundred people.

An Interesting Stage-Lane.

In the Pyrenees there is an interesting stage-lane between two villages, one on each side of a mountain 16,000 feet high. After the coach has proceeded a little distance and reached the steep part of the ascent, the conductor begs the passengers to get out so as to ease the horses; they are even requested to push behind and help the poor animals to drag the huge vehicle up hill. When at last the summit is reached, each traveler, wiping from his forehead drops of sweat as big as kidney-beans, congratulates himself on the breezy ride down the slopes of the descent which awaits him. There is where he fools himself, for the conductor, with a sweet smile, begs the gentlemen to be kind enough to hang on the coach behind and act the part of a West-house air brake, or else the horses may be injured. In this manner the terminus of the line is reached, the

passengers having pushed the coach all the way up one side of the mountain and held it back all the way down the other. In spite of this there is a rush for places on the stage daily, as there has been for half a century.—*New York World.*

Old Times.

A half century ago, a large part of the people of the United States lived in houses unpainted, unplastered, and utterly devoid of adornment. A well fed fire in the yawning chasm of a huge chimney gave partial warmth to a single room, and it was a common remark that the inmates were roasting one side while freezing the other; in contrast, a majority of the people of the older states now live in houses that are clapboarded, painted, blind, and comfortably warm. Then, the household furniture consisted of a few plain chairs, a plain table, a bedstead made by the village carpenter. Carpets there were none. To-day, few are the homes, in city or country, that do not contain a carpet of some sort, while the average laborer by the week's work may obtain enough to enable him to repose at night upon a spring bed.

"Fifty years ago, the kitchen 'dressers' were set forth in a shining row of pewter plates. The farmer ate with a buck handled knife and an iron or pewter spoon, but the advancing civilization has sent the plates and spoons to the melting pot, while the knives and forks have given place to nickel or silver plated cutlery.

In those days the utensils for cooking were a dinner-pot, tea-kettle, skillet, Dutch oven and frying pan; to-day there is no end of kitchen furniture.

The people of 1830 sat in the evening in the glowing light of a pitch-pine knot, and read their weekly newspapers by the flickering light of a "tallow dip;" now, in city and village, their apartments are bright by the flame of the gas; or the softer radiance of kerosene. Then, if the fire went out upon the hearth, it was rekindled by a coal from a neighboring hearth, or by flint, steel, and tinder. Those who indulged in pipes and cigars could only light them by some fire-stove; to-day we light fires and pipes by the dominant fire-work in the match safe, at a cost of one hundredth of a cent.

In those days we guessed the hour of noon, or ascertained it by the creeping of the sunlight up to the "noon mark" drawn upon the floor; only the well to do could afford a clock. To-day who does not carry a watch? and as for clocks, you may purchase them at wholesale, by the cart load at sixty-two cents apiece.

Fifty years ago how many dwellings were adorned with pictures? How many are there now that do not display a print, engraving, chromo, or lithograph? How many parlors or parlor organs were there then? If organs were not invented till 1840, and now they are in every village.

Some who may read this article will remember that in 1830 the Bible, the almanac, and the few text-books used in school were almost the only volumes of the household. The dictionary was a volume four inches square and an inch and a half in thickness. In some of the country villages a few public-spirited men had gathered libraries containing from three to five hundred volumes; in contrast, the public libraries of the present, containing more than ten thousand volumes, have an aggregate of 10,000,000 volumes, not including the Sunday school and private libraries of the country. It is estimated that altogether the number of volumes accessible to the public is not less than 20,000,000! Of Webster's and Worcester's dictionaries, it may be said that enough have been published to supply one to every one hundred inhabitants of the United States.—*C. C. Coffin in Atlantic.*

Intellect in Brutes and Men.

A distinction has been drawn by the Rev. George Henslow between the kind of intellect in brutes and that in men. It is given for what it is worth: "It has seemed to me that brute reasoning is always practical, but never abstract. Brutes do wonderful things suggested by the objective fact before them, but I think never go beyond it. Thus, a dog left in a room rang the bell to fetch a servant. Had not the dog been taught to ring a bell (which on inquiry proved to have been the case), this would have been abstract reasoning, but it was only practical. The Arctic fox, too wary to be shot like the first who took a bait tied to a string which was attached to the trigger of a gun—would dive under the snow, and so pull the bait down below the line of fire. This is purely practical reasoning; but had the fox pulled the string first out of the line of fire in order to discharge the gun and then get the bait, that would have been abstract reasoning. Brutes and boys are just alike, in that nothing occurs to them beyond what the immediate fact before them may suggest. The one kind I call purely practical reasoning, which both have; the other abstract, which brutes never acquire, but which the boy will as his intelligence develops."

Self-Education.

Many young men have entertained the idea that they had no time for study, no time for reading and no time for reflection, and fixing upon such an idea as satisfactory, they have gone down to their graves the victims not only of indolence and ignorance, but of vice—vice, too, which they might have avoided had they been intent upon the cultivation of their minds. There are many young men of our time who say they have no time for intellectual improvement. This plea of no time has been rightly called "the knell of true distinction."

The truth is, time should be found for a duty so important, and it will be found by those who put duty before pleasure. The same management that secures time for amusement will appropriate time for intellectual culture. Some of these young men who make this excuse of no time for study, find time to play at cards, checkers, and backgammon. They find time for base ball, croquet and other popular games. They find plenty of time for riding, dancing, waltzing and reading useless works of fiction. Would it not be well for them to save a part of this precious time and devote it to cultivating and enriching their minds?

The great men of the past, the men who were the glory of their times, the men who have left a long track of light behind them to illuminate succeeding generations, were men who sought and found time for study.

Alfred the Great, king of England, though he performed more labor than any of his subjects, found time for study. Benjamin Franklin, the philosopher, in the midst of all his labors, found time to dive into the depths of philosophy and to explore an untrodden path of science. Frederick the Great with the whole empire subject to his direction, in the midst of war, and on the eve of battles, found time to reveal in all the charms of philosophy, and feast himself upon the rich viands of intellect.

Napoleon Bonaparte, with all Europe at his disposal, with kings in his anti-chamber begging for vacant thrones, and at the head of thousands of men whose destinies were suspended upon his arbitrary pleas, found time to converse with his books. Julius Caesar, when he had curbed the spirits of the Roman people and was thronged with visitors from the remotest kingdoms of the world found time for intellectual culture.

The motto of every student, and of every man intent upon gaining an education, should be "Time, Faith and Energy." He should resolve to find time for intellectual culture; he should have full faith or confidence in his mental powers, combined with a manly energy in educating his faculties, to the utmost of their capacity.

A Dinner of the Atlantic Club.

Twenty years ago the "Atlantic" dinners were wonderfully brilliant. The sparkle of the after-dinner talk was incommunicable, not in the least staid, but natural and exuberant. The absolute loss of those conversations and encounters of wit, when Emerson, Longfellow, Holmes, Lowell and others, sat about the board, is greatly regretted. Judge Hoar, who inherits the wit of Roger Sherman, bore his full part. Lowell probably uttered more elaborate sentences, glowing with new born images; Holmes made the swiftest play and scored most points, both serious and comic. Meanwhile Emerson's wise face was lighted by a miraculous smile that would have been the delight and despair of a painter; and in the end he took the thought which the others were playing hockey with, and calmly set it in an apothegm of crystal beauty.

The "Atlantic" Club at times was ambulatory, although it generally sat at Parker's. Once or twice it dined at Point Shirley with, who is *facile rex* of our sea-board. Once it dined at a little restaurant in Winter place, kept by a man of versatile genius, M. F. Farnive, the first of the French cooks of the time. Once it met at Zach. Porter's in North Cambridge, not a hotel, but an old-fashioned tavern. The cooking was marvelous, and was done under the landlord's eye. His creed was that of Ezra Weeks of the Eagle Inn:

"Kittin' rises me, I plings my festin' word, Like cookin' out the natur' of a bird. The ducks were brought in and carved by Porter himself, as a mark of consideration to the distinguished guests. The knife was keen and was wielded by a deft hand; the slices fell about the platter like a mower's swath, until the carcass was bare as a barrel.

What do you do with the bird after that?" Lowell asked of the landlord. "Wall," said Porter, with a curious twinkle in his eyes, "when I've sliced off the breast, an' the wings an' legs like that" (pointing to the shell), "I ginally give the carcass to the poor."

Dr. Palmer, whose East Indian sketches had just been published and greatly admired, was a special guest on this occasion; and the fun of the chorus of palanquin bearers was as current about the table as "Pinafore" phrases are to-day. Holmes was in

high spirits and talked his best, mostly to Longfellow. It was almost like a veritable autocat in full activity, corruscating, punning, and bearing all before him.

There were no horse-cars then, I think; or it might have been late; at all events, the whole party, including Emerson, Longfellow and the other Olympians, walked down to Harvard square through nearly a foot of new-fallen snow. The impression of this intellectual feast is ineffaceable, but it seems now as far away as the Trojan war.—*Scribner for May.*

How George Honey Hunted Bats.

Here is a story far funnier than most of the anecdotes one finds under the caption of *nouvelles a la main* in the *Journal Amusant* or the *Figaro*. It is a story of George Honey, the distinguished actor, who many years ago, while on a tour in the provinces, had taken lodgings in a humble house, somewhat the worse for wear. Soon after retiring he was awakened by a fluttering noise as of a bird around the curtain of his bed. He sprang up, struck a light, and saw a dark little creature with wings blundering about the room. Not being well acquainted with natural history, he did not recognize it as a bat, but determined to catch it, if possible, and examine it carefully in the morning.

Taking up a felt hat he began to hunt and tried to capture the intruder for a long time in vain, but at last he pounced upon it, took it from under the hat, shut it up in a drawer, listened to its struggles to escape—waiting to be sure that it had caught it, and went to bed dreaming of flying dragons. But he was not destined to sleep long. Hardly had he dozed off when a further fluttering awakened him, and lighting another match he found another bat. After this one he had another hunt, caught it, put it in the drawer with his brother and again went to bed. Again, however, he was awakened in a similar manner; bats came not in single spies, but in battalions. Mr. Honey hunted diligently, making quite a collection of specimens, and put them all with great care in the drawer. Heated with the chase, he opened the window and, tired out at last, enjoyed a few minutes' sleep. Waking with morning light, he jumped out of bed and opened the drawer very cautiously to look for his bats; but lo and behold, there were no bats there. He opened the drawer wide, and then discovered that it had no back to it. He had, in fact, been passing all his night in catching the same bat, which had flown out at the back of the drawer as soon as he had in at the front, and when the window was opened had finally escaped.—*Howard Paul, in American Register.*

Nothing Mean about Him.

A man stepped into a sample-room down town a day or two ago and happened to meet a friend there.

"Have a beer?" was the first question.

"It is a little too early," replied the invited one.

"Well, take a little whiskey; that will warm you up."

"I don't think I care about whiskey."

"Try a little rum, then; now what do you say to a good sharp, seductive red spiced rum, eh?"

"Deliver me from rum; I never could drink it without getting sick, or catching a beastly cold."

"How would a Santa Cruz sour go?"

"That's a thing I never touch; only niggers drink Santa Cruz gin."

"Won't you take some sherry, that's more poetic, and you will feel good for the balance of the day."

"Will you kindly excuse me from taking sherry, sir?"

"Of course; but won't you try a cigar?"

"Not if I know myself."

"What's the matter, you are not ofended are you?"

"Not at all!"

"Well, then, won't you take something?"

"To be sure I will; to be sure I will drink with you."

"Well, what will you take?"

"I'll tell what I'll do, sir I'll take a glassful of water and you give me the ten cents. How will that work, eh?"

"That won't work at all," said the other indignantly, and then he took a drink alone and walked out of the place.

The Rochester *Spy* tells of one David Hodkins, who having imbibed too much tangle leg while in that city, concluded to shoot Isaac O'Brien's dog, as he was passing out of town in company with another dog. Succeeding in killing the dog, he commenced firing his revolver among the chickens and geese in the yard where the children were playing, killing the goose and endangering the lives of the children.

Mr. O'Brien did not know who either of the men were, but after several days search Hodkins was found, brought before a justice and compelled to shell out several times the amount of the dog and goose in the shape of fines and costs.

Chittenden on De La Matyr.

[Washington special to Cincinnati Gazette.]

The monotony of the debate in the House on the Warner silver bill was broken to-day by the vigorous and effective speech by Congressman Chittenden. He has for some time been awaiting an opportunity to pay his respects to the Greenbackers, and especially to Rev. Dr. De La Matyr. He fairly exonerated the latter gentleman, characterizing his inflation projects in a manner worthy of the most gifted satirist. Mr. De La Matyr has several times of late officiated as chaplain in opening the house proceedings with prayer. Mr. Chittenden referred to the fact that the reverend gentleman recently asked in one of his supplications that "the good Lord would finally transport the members of the House to heaven," and immediately afterward the same reverend gentleman had, in the most vindictive spirit, made a speech on the floor, in which he "went for" the helibont bondholders and their supporters. He had prayed for the desk for an honest government, and decended to the floor to introduce bills to flood the country with dishonest money.

In denouncing the flat money scheme, Mr. Chittenden appeared to be at a loss to find words to express his intense disgust at last, and he astonished the house by characterizing the scheme as the "damnedest swindle demagogues ever engaged in." Though surprised to hear so strong an expression from a member of such high character, yet the house recognizing his unqualified sincerity and intense earnestness, pardoned the emphatic expression, and the members, including the Greenbackers, joined in several rounds of laughter. Mr. Chittenden's speech was so decidedly aggressive that the Greenbackers and silver extremists will doubtless feel called upon to defend themselves against his terrific attack. Mr. Weaver, the leader of the Iowa Greenbackers, will have the floor to-morrow. He is a man of more than ordinary ability, and is a capital speaker, and there is every prospect of a spirited discussion, continuing for some days.

Home Religion.

Home religion is a thing of the heart—which is the same as saying it is a thing of love. It may exist in connection with forms, and it may exist in its sweetest unfolding, independent of forms. It may say grace at the table, and it may not say grace at the table. It may be gifted to sustain a family altar, and it may not have the gift requisite. But if the heart be right, there shall be grace and prayerfulness, albeit forms be lacking in the family. There is a way of eating your food which thanks God better than any grace-saying that can be devised. There is a way of kissing the wife after the meal and the husband is leaving for office which covers the whole ground between husband and wife intended to be covered by the influence of the family altar. We have known a man to ask for a blessing on food which he himself condemned in the very next breath. To thank God for food, and scold your wife or the cook in the next breath because the steak overdone, or the cakes not browned to your suit, or the tea too strong, is something more, my friend, than impiety—it is indecency.

Home religion should be loving first of all, and last of all it should be—loving. It should be very patient, too—especially on those days when it is hard to be patient. It should be cheerful, especially when it takes to invent occasions of mirthfulness. It should be brave, not to face the troubles that are without, but the troubles that are within. A kindly word, a pleasant speech, a cheerful or sympathetic look, a touch of the hand in the old tender fashion of the courtier days, a stroking of the cheek and the soft movement of the palm over the forehead—"Foolish tricks?" You are a fool if you say it, friend. You didn't think they were foolish tricks once, and you were wiser then than you are now that you have dropped them. A little more courting in married life would keep married life what courtship was. The foolishness of love is wiser than the wisdom of hate, and the more foolish you are in these directions the happier will your homes be, and the sweeter will be your homes.

A Special Want.

From the best data within our reach, we ascertain that there are on the entire globe about 500,000,000 sheep. Of these the United States have about 35,000,000. Our manufacturers consume annually more than 225,000,000 pounds of wool. If each of our sheep furnished five pounds of wool, there would yet be a yearly deficit of 50,000,000 pounds.

Here is a good field for enterprising stockmen. We need double our present number of sheep. Let no one indulge a single fear of an overproduction of either mutton or wool; could our flocks be tripled or quadrupled they would add not only to the comfort and healthfulness of the people, but to their intelligence and sobriety, as well as to the productivity of every field used as a sheep pasture.

We hope that every farmer who reads this, will at once consider how much his interest would be subserved by adding a score of Leicester or Southdown, longwooled sheep, to his stock. These furnish choice food and their increase and fleeces are always in demand, and that, too, at fair prices.—*Drummers' Journal.*

Intellect in Brutes.

Mr. A. Petrie writes: "In my own family we had a tabby cat who, when turned out, would let herself in at another door by climbing up some list nailed round it, then pushing up the click-latch, pushing the door, with herself hanging on it, away from the post, so as to prevent the latch falling back into its place, and then dropping down and walking back to the fire. I knew a Skye terrier who, being told to carry a fishing-rod, carefully experimented along its length, to find its center of gravity, then carried it on till his master came to a narrow path through a wood. Here Skye considered, dropped the rod, took it by the end, and dragged it under him lengthwise till the open road was gained, when he took the rod by the center of gravity again and went on. This could not be a copy of human actions, but the result of original reasoning." Mr. Henry Cecil gives the following on the authority of the late Mr. Dawes, the astronomer: "Being busy in his garden, and having a large bunch of keys in his hand, he gave it to a retriever to hold for him till he was at liberty. Going into the house soon after he forgot to reclaim the keys. The retriever, remembering what he had done with them only returned to him when he required to use them in the evening. He then recalled that he had given them to the dog, and forgotten to take them again. Calling him, and looking impressively in his face, he said: 'My key! fetch me my keys.' The dog looked wistful and puzzled for a moment, and then bounded off to the garden, his master following. He went straight to the root of an apple tree, scratched up the keys, and brought them. May we not fairly put into words the dog's train of reasoning thus: 'My master has given me these keys to hold; he has forgotten them; I cannot carry them all day, but I must put them in safety where I can find them again!' Mr. R. Howson sends us the story of a terrier-like dog of no particular breed, named Uglymug, who had a poodle for a companion. Whenever Uglymug saw signs of a family meal being laid out, he inveigled the poodle into a labyrinthine shrubbery under pretence of seeking for rats, and when the latter was fairly intent on its game Uglymug sneaked back to enjoy, all by himself, what he could get from the family table.—*Nature.*

Randolph's